The Beast Is Awakening

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by chaoswashere_X

Summary

Will sneaks into Hannibal's house when he leaves the back door unlocked.

He comes with full intentions of killing Hannibal, but he changes his mind to follow… different desires ;)

Kinktober Day 12: Sensory Deprivation + Frottage

Notes

Little disclaimer: Nearly all of the quotes I used are from the kitchen scene in Yakimono (S2E7)..

So if you'd like, you can just pretend that that conversation went down in the bedroom like this, not the kitchen!

Ever since Hannibal's near death experience with Will's proxy, Matthew Brown, he's had his guard up much higher than normal.

His wrists are healing, and he's taking special care to incorporate more ingredients that hold medicinal value into each of his daily meals.

He's still in mourning for Will, but his mourning had taken a halt when Will sent his proxy. He felt proud when he realized that Matthew Brown was acting on Will's dark orders.

It seems like Will is done hiding his potential away behind flimsy morals and ideals.

Hannibal couldn't be more thrilled. Even if this evolution did give him the closest taste of sweet death since he was a starving, frozen boy with infected skin and a paralyzed voice box.

Hannibal didn't find himself mute, like the last time he'd shaken death's hand. He found himself thriving now under Will's watchful eye. Hannibal's had to take hiding his pleasure under a guise of fear and betrayal.

Time passes slowly, and Hannibal keeps his distance from Will to hold up the guise. The next time he sees Will is at his trial, which is less to determine if he's guilty and more to determine what kind of punishment he deserves for what he's done. What he hasn't done.

What Hannibal's done and pushed on him.

A few days into the trail, and Hannibal is called to the stand in place of Alana Bloom. He articulates lies, and is displeased when the court decides to dismiss anything he said as a worthy defense.

He's furious, actually.

He spends his night setting up a beautiful display of the Judge, who was only trying to do his job, truly. Hannibal is failing Will, and this is the only way to bring him back to him. To murder this poor Judge and cause a mistrial.

He misses Will. He had realized this shortly after he was thrown behind bars, looking over at his empty patient chair. Hannibal couldn't bring himself to close Will's standing appointment.

Hannibal's plan of a mistrial worked wonderfully, and Will was aquitted a little while after. He heard wind that Will walked free from Alana soon after he was picked up by Jack Crawford.

Hannibal purposely left his back door unlocked when he resided to bed for the night, hoping to tempt anyone who might come looking for him to enter the large home.

Will would be tempted, Hannibal was certain of it. But Hannibal kept his best scalpel nearby just in case any unwelcome guest decided to take interest in entering his unlocked door.

Hannibal read a few chapters of the book he's dedicated to his night reading, then turned the lamp off, deciding that it's time to get some rest.

Hannibal slept soundly in his bed, unaware of the new guest who entered his home. Will had taken Hannibal's invite, and moved throughout the large home as quietly as possible.

He checked the study first, gun aimed in front of him with steady hands. When he found the study to be absent of the cannibal, he moved onto the kitchen.

Hannibal's house was cold in the night hours, and Will moved through the flawless kitchen, it looks dead and unwelcoming in its pristine state.

Will knew which room to look in next, but was unsure of its location in the house. He's never been to the upstairs of Hannibal's place, so he figured that would be a good starting point.

Most people try to keep guests out of their bedrooms, not even bringing them near it, so Will can only assume Hannibal is the same way.

He climbs the steps with feather light feet, and cringes when one of the old steps lets out a sharp whine of creaking wood.

He raises his gun once he spots the only door left cracked open at the top of the staircase.

Another invitation, Will thinks to himself.

He pushes the door open slowly, relieved to find that this one doesn't have squeaky hinges.

He spots a figure laid out in a large bed, and even in the dark lighting, Will is certain that it's Hannibal.

He's sound asleep. Most likely in the third stage of non-REM sleep, if his still body is anything to go by. This is perfect for Will, because during this stage of sleep, one is much less likely to be easily awoken, and if the stage is interrupted (the person is woken, for example.), they're more than likely going to be disoriented and sluggish.

Will has come to kill Hannibal, intimately.

With his two hands.

This will be much easier if Hannibal is restrained, because Will understands his capacity and ability of physical violence.

Hannibal might be able to overpower Will, given his strength, and experience. Will isn't willing to take that risk, so he's brought two pairs of handcuffs with him. This will put Hannibal at a grave disadvantage.

He's also brought along with him a blindfold, with the hopes that it will further disorient Hannibal until he is able to squeeze the life out of him.

He will slip it off before Hannibal falls unconscious. He wants Hannibal to see him as he takes away something as precious as life from the man eating monster.

Will moves quickly and quietly, reminding himself that this third stage of non-REM sleep doesn't last very long; forty minutes at most.

He notices a shine of metal on Hannibal's nightstand and smirks. His scalpel. Will picks it up, and moves it out of reach.

He turns his attention back to the sleeping man once he's ensured the scalpel is far enough away. Will knows that Hannibal is ambidextrous, so it doesn't matter much which hand he restrains first, because both are equally threatening.

He chooses to go for the left one, cautious and gentle when he touches the doctor, preventing him from awakening.

He chains the first cuff around his wrist, moving slowly to pull it up to the headboard where he secures the other cuff, effectively chaining one of Hannibal's arms to the bed.

Will moves slowly to the other side of the large bed, less scared about making noise than he is about spreading his scent. If anything, that's what'll awaken the sleeping cannibal. His sensitive nose.

Will carefully grabs onto Hannibal's other wrist, quietly sliding the cuff into a locked position. Will is impressed with how easily he's able to do this, even in the dark.

He pulls Hannibal's arm up, extending it to latch the other end of the cuff onto the faraway end of the headboard. Will steps back and takes it in, Hannibal's shirtless torso is stretched out, his limbs pulled in opposite directions.

They're pulled so far away from one another that Hannibal looks almost like he's rested on a cross, ready to be crucified for his sins.

Will slips the blindfold out from his pants pocket, getting it untwisted now that he's ready to put it over Hannibal's eyes.

His hands are shaking when he leans over Hannibal, this is fucking crazy. He should have brought a muzzle with him, Will realizes.

He slips the soft material over Hannibal's head, and it falls into place nicely, properly blinding the older man. Will doesn't miss how Hannibal's nose twitches when he leans back.

Will doesn't care if the man wakes now, or later, now that he's incapacitated enough. The Chesapeake Ripper poses less threat without his arms and his eyes, especially coming out of deep sleep.

So, Will makes no effort to be quiet anymore. He strips his jacket and drops it to the floor at his feet. He can feel the blood in his veins, pounding heavier now that his dreams are coming to fruition.

He rolls up the sleeves of his button down, watching carefully as Hannibal's body starts to twitch, muscles and nerves coming back.

The beast is awakening.

Will takes off his glasses, letting them clink down on top of Hannibal's dresser. They're going to find Will's DNA all over Hannibal, so there's no point in trying to contain it anywhere else.

He lets his gun go, too, pulling it out of his pocket to set on top of the dresser. He won't be needing it for what he desires to do.

Will moves over to the bed once more, and grabs onto the hem of the covers blanketing Hannibal's waking body. He pulls them off, revealing the rest of the monster to Will's eyes.

Hannibal's wearing only pajama pants, and probably some boxers as well, what a great thing to die in.

Hannibal's legs shift, feeling the absence of the blanket there. His breathing picks up as his consciousness returns to him.

Will can feel Hannibal's split moment of panic as he pulls at the restraints, trying to break free. He's very, very awake now.

Will stalks over to him, letting Hannibal smell him before he climbs onto the bed. Hannibal's heart is not pounding, so his head is clear.

He speaks clearly and calmly, as if he wasn't currently blind and unable to move his arms.

"The same unfortunate aftershave," Hannibal's voice is thick with sleep, "spent too long in the bottle."

Will moves on top of the bed, crawling more to straddle Hannibal's hips, holding him down.

"You're here to finish the job your proxy couldn't." Hannibal observed, his body slowly losing its rigid stiffness. He can smell Will clearly from where he sits, and he can smell the cold metal that bites into his scarred wrists.

"You wanted me to embrace my nature, Doctor.," Will threatened, sitting tall on Hannibal's hips, crushing them with his body weight. "I'm just following the urges I kept down for so long."

"How would killing me make you feel?" Hannibal questions, his voice level and controlled.

"Righteous." Will hisses out, punching Hannibal once across the face. Surprisingly, the blindfold stays put, covering Hannibal's eyes.

Hannibal's mouth fills with blood, his cheek cut on his sharp, predator teeth. A small stream of it flows out the corner of his lips, aided by gravity.

Hannibal's hands flex as he tries to pull against the restraints again. But Will notices that Hannibal isn't fighting back with his legs, he isn't even trying to buck Will off of on top of him.

"Even now, in this moment, you're curious as to what will happen if you stand by and observe. How many people have died because of your curiosity, Hannibal?" Will growls out, grabbing onto Hannibal's flexed shoulders. He makes sure to dig his nails into the hard muscle there.

Hannibal turns his face, the stream of blood flowing from his mouth slowing, leaving only a few drops to fall off from Hannibal's jaw.

"Curiosity killed the cat, Hannibal." Will hissed, lowering his head to come face to face with the blinded man. His hands find their way to wrap around Hannibal's throat. He shows no mercy when he squeezes.

Hannibal's mouth falls open in response to the hands around his neck, trying to gasp for any oxygen that will find its way in.

Will is pleased to feel Hannibal start to fight back, using some of his strength to try and shift Will off of his hips.

A few moments pass, and Hannibal's efforts increase, his hands turning into fists as he tries to break the metal handcuffs.

He lets out a choked groan in response to Will's hands squeezing the life out of him, and Will is shocked to find the course of arousal that surges through his body.

He knows that lots of killers get some kind of sexual pleasure from killing, but he never considered that he may be one of those killers.

Hannibal lets out another groan, losing his air quickly. Will feels another surge of arousal and tries to distract himself by watching Hannibal's veins in his neck and face start to bludge.

It's no use though, Will is growing hard in his jeans. He isn't shocked when he lets go of Hannibal's throat to sit back and think.. that he finds Hannibal's own dick very interested in what Will is doing to him right now.

Hannibal gasps for air suddenly, thankful for the break in the strangulation. Will watches as Hannibal's chest rises and falls quickly, trying to take in enough oxygen to restore his body back to peak performance.

"Aren't you curious, Will?" Hannibal asks through heaving breaths, referring to their earlier conversation. "Why you? Why Miriam Lass? What does the Chesapeake Ripper want with you?"

"Oh, you tell me." Will growls, a string bite in his voice. He reaches up to grab onto Hannibal's blindfold, yanking it off without caution.

Hannibal's eyes flicker open, looking at Will when he speaks, "If I'm not the Ripper, you murder an innocent man."

Will stares down at him, but doesn't respond. Hannibal takes this as an invitation to continue, "If I am the Ripper and you kill me, who will answer your questions?"

Will thinks it over, then places his hands down on Hannibal's chest. He feels the chest move when Hannibal speaks again, "Don't you want to know how this ends?"

He knows that Hannibal is manipulating him, but he's also right, there's no one to answer his questions if Hannibal is gone.

He also, desperately wants to know how this'll end. Will smiles a toothy grin at Hannibal, one of sick interest.

Hannibal grinds his hips up into Will's ass, teasing him with their shared desire.

Will closes his eyes, basking in the feeling of the hardness against his body. He slowly runs his hands from where they rest on Hannibal's chest, up to cup his jaw. Will's body is taking him closer, begging him to give in.

He leans down the rest of the way by his own will, and collects their lips. Hannibal tastes of coppery blood, and Will just can't get enough of it once he's had a taste.

Will's tongue shoves it's way into Hannibal's mouth, chasing the copper liquid that coats the inside of Hannibal's predator mouth.

Hannibal's hips are moving now in slow, small circles as he's devoured by Will. He lets out a small groan when Will grinds down onto him in return.

Will is hesitant when he pulls back, looking into Hannibal's deep maroon eyes. They share a moment of silence, Hannibal's hips the only things still moving.

He can tell that Will wants this.

But he needs encouragement.

"Embrace your nature, Will." Hannibal whispers, repeating what the younger man had said earlier to him. Will's eyes light up when he hears the words again.

Will lifts his hips from off of Hannibal's, taking the time to pull down the pajama pants and the boxers he finds underneath them.

Will is not disappointed by the sight in front of him. Hannibal is leaking pre-come from his impressive length. Will has never seen anything like this, there's so much pre-come that it's practically drooling down Hannibal's cock.

Will quickly strips himself, overthinking everything all at once. He came here to kill Hannibal, to end his existence, but here he is, preparing to have sex with him.

His own cock is fully erect, and when he sits down on Hannibal's thighs, their lengths rub together for just a split second.

He takes himself in hand, stroking slowly as he watches Hannibal devour him with his eyes. He looks like he wants to eat him.

Will opens his fist, and leans forward so Hannibal's dick can be held alongside his own once he closes it again.

Hannibal's pre-come spreads along Will's dick when the touch, and it acts as a perfect lubricant as Will starts to thrust into his hand.

He's frotting against Hannibal quickly, with little care of if it feels nice for Hannibal or not. It feels fucking amazing for him, and he's decided to be selfish in this moment.

Will knows it does feel good for him when Hannibal lets out a long moan, tipping his head back to expose his throat, which is developing a nice hand shaped bruise.

Hannibal's biceps flex as he attempts to tear away his restraints, the urge to hold onto Will stronger than ever before.

Hannibal is now also fucking up into Will's hand, clearly enjoying the frottage. Will can't help but feel a tug of pride at this. He's able to force the monster let his guard down.

Will's own groans are released when more pre-come leaks from Hannibal's tip, allowing a faster, more pleasurable experience with more lubrication.

Hannibal is damn near his release, and Will can tell. He can tell by how his body starts to tighten and his hips start to stutter.

Will feels really close too, and he's curious as to who will cum first.

Hannibal does.

His release is steady and his abdomen flexes as his seed spills over his stomach and chest. A large majority also made it into Will's hand. The extra slip is what Will needed to pull himself over as well.

He's rutting against Hannibal's softening dick, shooting his load much more violently than the older man. Will's breaths comes in and out unsteadily, his lungs desperately fighting to come back to a normal pace.

Will looks down at the mess they've made of Hannibal's chest, and he feels another pull of pride. He's marked Hannibal now.

He releases his fist slowly, feeling himself getting soft and oversensitive in a hurry. He looks up into Hannibal's eyes, and finds that he looks utterly exhausted.

Will climbs off of the bed slowly and looks for a tissue, he cleans his hand off, and himself off with careful strokes of the soft material.

He disposes of the tissue before he looks for his clothes, he dresses quickly, his body beginning to get cold. He glances over at Hannibal, covered and cum and retrained still.

He digs in his pants pocket for the key to the handcuffs. He moves slowly, in no big rush to release the cannibal. He uses the key to release one of the cuffs from the bed, but leaves the cuff on Hannibal's wrist still.

He drops the key on Hannibal's stomach, not caring much that it's now getting dirtied by their shared cum.

Hannibal looks at it, then closes his eyes. Will smiles, knowing that this is just enough that Hannibal will be able to escape, but not enough to have been of any help, really.

Will moves to the door before he halts, he turns back to Hannibal before speaking, "I'd like to resume my therapy. I'll see you next week for our session."

Will slips out without another word, and Hannibal lets himself crack out a smile.

That went better than he ever could have imagined in his wildest dreams.

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